Indiana American.

A NEWS PAPER--DEVOTED TO FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, MORALS, TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE, AND THE BEST INTERESTS OF SOCIETY.

VOL. XXV.---NO. 31. INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, FRIDAY, JULY 17, 1857. WHOLE NUMBER 1279.

TERMS OF THE
INDIANA AMERICAN.

For year, at the end of the year.....$3,00
If paid within six months.....2,50
If paid in advance.....2,00
In clubs of ten or more.....1,50

Where ten or more are taken at one office, new subscribers may be added, or old subscribers may renew, at club rates, where two send Three Dollars, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

All subscribers are understood as engaging to continue unless express orders to the contrary are given; and no paper will be discontinued, while arrears are unpaid, unless the subscriber is worthless. Orders for discontinuing must be BY LETTER, and not by returning a paper marked "refused."

All persons, without regard to wealth, position or name, who leave without ordering their paper changed, or paying arrearages, or who let come to the end of the time without taking it out of the office, without ordering it discontinued and paying arrearages, will be published as delinquents in the BLACK LIST.

Money can be sent at our risk in a REGISTERED LETTER.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square or less, (ten lines) one insertion.....$0,75
For each additional insertion.....25
Business cards, not occupying more than one square, per year.....10,00
Yearly advertising, changeable quarterly, per square.....8,00

Anything less than a square to be counted as a full square; a fraction over a square and a half, as two squares; and so on.

Circuit and common pleas court, administration and other legal notices, must be paid in advance, or amply secured. In no case will we await the issue of a suit for the printer's fee. Attorneys will be held responsible for the legal advertisements ordered by them.

Announcing candidates of every description, $1 to subscribers, and $2 to those who are not—payment invariably in advance.

Advertisements not marked on the copy for a specified number of insertions, will be continued until ordered out, and payment required accordingly, unless they are for a definite time, when they will be inserted to that date. If marked "till forbid," they will, of course, be inserted until ordered out, at the usual rates.

All advertisements from strangers or transient persons to be paid in advance.

Special notices, Puffs and Communications designed to promote private interests, will be charged $1 per square for each insertion.

Marriages announced gratuitously.

Deaths will be announced gratuitously, but lengthy obituary notices will be charged for as special notices.

Business notices published in the Editorial columns will be charged for each insertion ten cents per line.

Advertisements headed and placed under the head of Special notices, if ten lines or over, will be charged double the usual rates; if under that amount, fifty cents for each insertion.

Choice Poetry.

WHAT MAKES A MAN!

This question has been very effectually, poetically answered in the following:

Not numerous years, nor lengthened life,
Not pretty children and a wife;
Not pins, and canes, and fancy rings,
Nor any such like trumpery things;
Not pipe, cigar, nor bottled wine,
Nor liberty with kings to dine;
Not coat, nor boots, nor yet a hat,
A dandy vest, or trim cravat;
Not houses, land, or golden ore,
Nor all the world's wealth laid in store:
Not Mr., Rev., Sir nor Squire,
With titles that the memory tire;
Not ancestry, traced back to Will,
Who went from Normandy to kill;
Not Latin, Greek, nor Hebrew Lore;
Nor thousand volumes rumbled o'er;
Not judge's robe, nor mayor's mace,
Nor crowns that deck the royal race:
These all united never can
Avail to make a single man.

A truthful soul, a loving mind,
Full of affection of its kind;
A spirit firm, erect and free,
That never basely bends a knee;
That will not bear a feather's weight
Of slavery's chain, for small or great;
That truly speaks from God within,
And never makes a league with sin;
That snaps the fetters despots make,
And loves the truth for its own sake;
That worships God, and Him alone,
And nowhere bows but at his throne;
That trembles at no tyrant's nod,
A soul that fears no one but God;
And thus can smile at curse or ban;—
That is the soul that makes the man.

TIME IS FLYING.

BY C. SWAIN.

Time is flying time is flying—
Life, like bubbles, rushing on,
Still no heart have we for sighing,
No regret for all that's gone.
When day is past, his labor done,
Who mourneth for the setting sun?

Time is flying, time is flying,
Riches gained from by-gone years,
Wisdom garners naught denying,
That may recite age from tears.
Who weepeth when the blossom dies?
The golden fruit will feast our eyes.

Time is flying, time is flying,
Grief forgotten in the past,
Mourn we not in sorrow lying,
From the gloom we're speeding fast.
The cloud above in mercy wept,
And blessings spring in dust that slept.

Time is flying, time is flying,
Trustful hearts, look on and live,
There in fondest hope relying,
Wait the bliss that heaven may give.
For coming years their faith will keep,
At summer's end the harvest reap.

Time is flying, time is flying,
And like the shadows earth will flee.
Gladly meet the hour of dying,
Glory shines beyond for thee.
'Tis weakness mourns that man must die,
The heir of immortality.

NOTHING IS LOST.

Nothing is lost; the drop of dew
Which trembles on the leaf or flower,
Is but exhaled, to fall anew
In summer's thunder shower:
Perchance to shine within the bow
That fronts the sun at fall of day;
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountain far away.

Nothing is lost; the tiniest seed
By wild birds borne, or breezes blown,
Finds something suited to its need,
Wherein 'tis sown and grown.
The language of some household song,
The perfume of some cherished flower,
Though gone, from outward sense, belong
To memory's sacred hour.

So with our words; or harsh or kind,
Uttered they are not all forgot;
They leave their influence on the mind,
Pass on, but perish not!
So with our deeds; for good or ill,
They have their power scarce understood;
Then let us use our better will
To make them life with good.

THE LITTLE ONES.

A child, when asked why a certain tree grew crooked, replied, "Somebody trod upon it, I suppose, when it was little."

He who checks a child with terror,
Stops its play, and stills its song,
Not alone commits an error,
But a grievous moral wrong.

Give it play, and never fear it:
Active life is no defect:
Never, never break the spirit
Curb it only to direct.

Would you stop the flowing river,
Thinking it would cease to flow?
Onward must it flow forever;
Better teach it where to go.

A Good Story.

THE INVESTMENTS;
—OR—
THE TWO MERCHANTS.

"Can you loan me two thousand dollars, to establish myself in a small retail business?" inquired a young man not yet out of his teens, of a middle aged gentleman, who was poring over a pile of ledgers, in one of the largest establishments in Boston. The person addressed turned toward the speaker, and regarding him for a moment with a look of surprise, inquired:

"What security can you give me, Mr. Strosser?"

"Nothing but my note." replied the young man, promptly.

"Which I fear would be below par in market," replied the merchant, smiling.

"Perhaps so," replied the young man, "but, Mr. Barton, remember that the boy is not the man; the time may come, when Hiram Strosser's note will be as readily accepted, as that of any other man."

"True, very true," replied Mr. Barton, mildly, "but you know business men seldom loan money without adequate security, otherwise they might soon be reduced to penury."

At this remark the young man's countenance became deadly pale, and having observed a silence of several moments, he inquired, in tones indicating deep disappointment:

"Then you cannot accommodate me, can you?"

"Call on me to-morrow, and I will give you a reply," said Mr. Barton, and the young man retired.

Mr. Barton resumed his labors at the desk, but his mind was so much upon the boy and his singular errand, that he found he could not pursue his task with any correctness, and after having made several blunders, he closed the ledger, took his hat, and went out upon the street. Arriving opposite the door of a wealthy merchant in Milk street, he entered the door.

"Good morning, Mr. Hawley," said he, approaching the proprietor of the establishment, who was seated at his desk, counting over the profits of the week.

"Good morning," replied the merchant, blandly, "happy to see you, have a seat? any news? how's trade?

Without noticing these interrogations, Mr. Barton said:

"Young Strosser, is desirous of establishing himself in a small retail business in Washington street, and called this morning, to secure of me a loan of two thousand dollars for that purpose."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Hawley, evidently surprised at this announcement; "but you do not think of loaning that sum, do you?

"I do not know," replied Mr. Barton. "Mr. Strosser is a young man of business talent, and strict integrity, and will be likely to succeed in whatever he undertakes."

"Perhaps so," said Mr. Hawley, doubtfully, "but I am heartily tired of helping to re-establish these young aspirants for commercial honors."

"Have you ever suffered any from such a course?" inquired Mr. Barton, at the same time casting a rogueish glance at Mr. Hawley.

"No," replied Mr. Hawley, "for I never felt inclined to make an investment of that kind."

"Then there is a fine opportunity to do so. It may prove better than the stock in the bank. As for yourself, I have concluded that, if you will advance one thousand dollars, I will contribute an equal sum."

"Not a single farthing would I advance for such a purpose, and if you make an investment of that kind, I shall consider you very foolish."

Mr. Barton observed a silence of several moments, and then arose to depart.

"If you do not feel disposed to take a part in the enterprise, I shall advance the whole sum myself." Saying which, he left the store.

* * * * * * *

Ten years have passed away, since the occurrence of the conversation recorded in the preceding dialogue, and Mr. Barton, pale and agitated, is standing at the same desk, as when first introduced to the reader's attention. As page after page of his ponderous ledger was examined, his despair became deeper and deeper, till at last he exclaimed:

"I am ruined—utterly ruined."

"How so," inquired Hiram Strosser, who entered the counting-room in time to hear Mr. Barton's remark.

"The last European steamer brought news of the failure of the house of Perich, Jackson and Co., London, who are indebted to me, in the sum of nearly two hundred thousand dollars. News of the failure has become general, and my creditors, panic-stricken, are pressing in my paper to be cashed. The banks refuse me credit, and I have not the means to meet my liabilities. If I could pass this crisis, Perhaps I could rally again, but it is impossible; my creditors are importunate, and I cannot much longer keep above the tide." replied Mr. Barton.

"What is the extent of your liabilities?" asked Strosser.

"Seventy-five thousand dollars," replied Mr. Barton.

"Would that sum be sufficient to relieve you?"

"It would."

"Then sir, you shall have it," said Strosser, as he stepped up to the desk and drew a check for twenty thousand dollars. "Here, take this, and when you need more, hesitate not to call upon me. Remember that it was from you I received money to establish myself in business."

"But that debt was cancelled several years ago," replied Mr. Barton, as a ray of hope shot across his troubled mind.

"True," replied Strosser, "but the debt of gratitude that I owe you, has never been cancelled, and now that the scale is turned, I deem it my duty to come to the rescue."

At this singular turn in the tide of fortune, Mr. Barton fairly wept for joy.

His paper was taken up just as fast as it was sent in, and in less than a month he had passed the crisis, and stood perfectly safe and secure; his credit increased, and his business improved, while several other firms had sunk under the blow, and could not rally; among whom was Mr. Hawley, alluded to at the commencement of this article.

"How did you manage to keep above the tide?", inquired Mr. Hawley of Mr. Barton, one morning several months after the events last recorded, as he met the latter on the street, on his way down to his place of business.

"Very easily indeed, I assure you," replied Mr. Barton.

"Well, do tell me how?" continued Mr. Hawley. "I lay claim to a good degree of shrewdness, but the strongest exercise of my wits did not save me; and you, whose liabilities were twice as heavy as my own, have outlived the shock, and have come off, even bettered by the great storm."

"The truth is," replied Mr. Barton, "I cashed my paper as soon as it was sent in."

"I suppose so," said Mr. Hawley, regarding Mr. B. with a look of surprise, "but how did you obtain the funds? As for my part, I could not obtain a dollar of credit; the banks refused to take my paper, and even my friends deserted me."

"A little investment that I made, some ten years ago," replied Mr. B., smiling, "has recently proved exceedingly profitable."

"Investment!" echoed Mr. Hawley, "what investment?"

"Why, do you not remember how I established young Strosser in business, some ten years ago?"

"Oh! yes, yes," replied Mr. Hawley as a ray of suspicion lit up his countenance, "but what of that?"

"He is one of the heaviest dry-goods dealers in the city; and when this calamity came on, he came forward, and very generously advanced me seventy-five thousand dollars.—You know I told you, on the morning I called to offer you an equal share in the stock, that it might be better than an investment in the bank."

During this announcement, Mr. Hawley's eyes were bent intently upon the ground, and drawing a deep sigh, he moved on, dejected and sad, while Mr. Barton returned to his business, with his mind elated and animated, by thoughts of the singular investment.

A HOME WITHOUT A DAUGHTER.

A home without a girl in it is only half blest; it is an orchard without a blossom, and a spring without song. A house full of sons is like Lebanon without its cedars, but daughters by the fireside are like the roses in Sharon.

Well may the daughter of the household be compared to the apple-blossoms, spring-songs and roses of Sharon. When she is there, the eyes and ears of those who love her are satisfied; when she departs, she carries with her the golden treasures she was wont to dispense.

Boys may not lack affection, but they may lack tenderness. They may not be wanting in inclination to contribute their quota to the Paradise of Home, but they may be wanting in the ability to carry out their inclination. The son of a household is like a young and vigorous sapling—the daughter like a fragile vine. Their natures are different—their constitutions, temperaments, tastes, habits are different. We do not love Cæsar less, if we love Rome more.

We know a home that once rejoiced in the sunny smiles and musical accents of an only daughter. She was a lovely child—womanly beyond her years—

"Full of gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy."

A child never breathed who evinced a more affectionate reverence for her parents, than did she. Instead of waiting for their commands, she anticipated them—instead of lingering untill they made known their wishes, she studied their wishes out. Morning broke not in that household until she awoke—the night was not dark until her eyes were closed.—How they loved her! did her father and her mother; and of how many blessed pictures of the future was she the subject. "It is a fearful thing that Love and Death dwell in the same world," says Mrs. Hemans.—"Fearful!" It is maddening—it is a truth that is linked with despair. Suddenly, like a thief in the night, there came a messenger from Heaven for the child—saying that the Lord had need of her. She meekly bowed her head—breathed out her little life—and, at midnight, "went forth to meet the Bridegroom." The last minute, of the last hour, of the last day of the month, was hallowed by her death. She went, and came back no more!

Years have worn away since then, but still there is agony in the household whose sun went down when she departed. The family circle is incomplete—*there is no daughter there!* The form that once was her's reposes amid the congenial charms of nature and art, they have made the place of her rest beautiful. If the grass grows rank upon her grave, it is because it is kept wet with tears.

Of truth, "A home without a girl in it is only half blest; it is an orchard without blossoms, and a spring without song. A house full of sons is like Lebanon with its cedars, but daughters by the fireside, are like roses in Sharon."—*Syracuse Journal.*

Early Indiana Trials.

REMINISCENCE BY HON. O. H. SMITH.

NO. 3.

In the spring of 1820 I left Versailles, and settled in Connersville, in the beautiful White Water valley.—John Conner, the proprietor, lived there at that time, and as he had been many years in his youth among the Indians, at their homes, Connersville was daily filled with his first forest friends. The only hotel was kept by my distinguished friend, Newton Claypool; the only attorney in the place was my friend William W. Wick, who was soon after election judge of the "new purchase circuit," including the seat of government.—Court was in session when I arrived. The great case of Isaac Jones against Edward Harper was on trial. The facts of the case were simply these: Jones sold Harper twenty-five cents worth of beef in the market; Harper had no change to pay for it. Jones some days after, called on Harper for his pay. Harper refused to pay, alleging that the beef made his family sick. Jones brought suit before Edmond Harrison, a justice of the peace, laying his damages at $2 50. Several hung juries followed each other before the justice. At length a verdict for Jones for twenty-five cents was had, from which Harper appealed to the Circuit Court, where jury after jury, at successive terms, had disagreed, and now came on the final trial. The people of the county in mass were in the Court house, the jury in the box, and the lawyers in their seats when I entered the room; the young Judge, Eggleston, sitting between William Helm and Edward Webb, his portly associates. General James Noble, John Test, Amos Lane, and James B. Ray, the council for Jones, occupied the one end of the long table before the jury, and William W. Wick, Daniel Caswell, and William C. Drew the other. Jones and Harper sat at the ends of the table, deeply anxious as to the result, and ready to give any required information to their counsel. The evidence was heard, the case argued some two days with great energy by the able counsel; the court charged the jury with the usual ability of Judge Eggleston; the outsiders seemed to doubt of the verdict, as they took sides with the lawyers. The jury were out all night, and at the opening of the court next morning, returned a verdict for the defendant. Jones lost his beef, his only farm and home was sold by the sheriff to pay the costs—over $1,100; and the last time I saw him he was poorly dressed, riding a little pony, carrying a few pecks of corn to a neighborhood horse mill. Harper was broken up in paying his lawyer's fees.

One morning I was introduced by landlord to a small black-eyed man, wearing a plain coat and speaking the plain language of "thee and thou," as Dr. Burr, from New Philadelphia, Ohio, who was about to settle in Connersville, as a root Doctor. Some days after, there was nailed up to the weather boarding of the hotel an enormous swamp lilly root, almost as large as a man, with head, eyes, nose, ears and mouth nicely carved, arms and legs with feet stuck on, and just above the sign on a board, marked with chalk, "Joseph S. Burr, Root Doctor; no Calomel." The news of the arrival of the root doctrine spread over the country like wild fire, and hundreds came from all parts of the county to see the doctor and the big root. We had in the town at the time a first rate Allopathic pysician, by the name of Dr. Joseph Moffit, who looked upon the strange root doctor as a quack, intending to gull the people, and spoke of him freely with the utmost contempt, while on the other hand the root doctor openly charged Dr. Moffit with killing his patients with "calomel." The people soon began to take sides, some for roots and some for calomel. It was a sickly season and a good many of Dr. Moffit's patients died; each case of death was referred to by the root doctor as evidence that the calomel doctor was killing the people and many believed the slander. Dr. Moffitt was at length almost driven to despair, and called on me to bring an action of slander against Dr. Burr; I objected at first, but ultimately yielded at the urgent request of the doctor. The action was brought, some five of the first attorneys of the circuit were engaged on each side. The trial lasted more than a week; the lawyers distinguished themselves, the proof pro and con left the case in doubt in the minds of the jury and by-standers whether the people died "with the fever" or were killed by the calomel doctors." The widow of a man who had recently died was called as a witness by Dr. Burr; Dr. Moffitt, who sat by me, whispered in my ear "I have him now; I can prove by a witness in court that her husband died before I got there." The jury failed to agree and was discharged; and the case continued. Before the next court the root doctor ran away, and the suit was dismissed by Dr. Moffitt at his own proper costs.

The effect of this trial upon the practice of medicine in Fayette county, as well as upon the necessary qualifications to practice, was prodigious. Dr. Burr granted diaplomas to his students upon three weeks study. The county was soon filled with Root Doctors. One of his graduates, by the name of Thomas T. Chinn, a constable three weeks before, barely able to write his name, sallied forth with his diaploma to the then new purchase as Dr. Chain. "Root Doctor, and no Calomel," flung to the public eye upon his new painted sign, hung upon the limb of a tree. A few weeks after, I met him in the street. "Well, Doctor, how goes the practice." "Only tolerable; I lost nine fine patients last week, one of them an old lady I wanted to cure very bad, but she died in spite of all I could do. I tried every root I could find, but she still grew worse, and there being nobody there to detect my practice, like the other regular Doctors I concluded to try calamus, and dug up a root about nine inches long and made tea of it. She drank it with some difficulty, turned over in bed and died. Still, I don't think it was the calamus that killed her, as all the Calamus Doctors are giving it in heavier doses than I did." Such was his ignorance that he did not know the difference between calomel and calamus, and yet he got patients.

There grew out of this root-doctoring matter, another warmly contested and exciting trial, after this wise:—Dr. Moffit, for the purpose of ridiculing Dr. Burr, spoke to one Martillow Remington, a blacksmith, to make a "sang hoe" for Dr. Burr to dig roots with—directing him to finish it nicely and presnt it to Dr. Burr. The blacksmith knew that it was intended for a capital joke. The hoe was finished as bright as a piece of Sheffield cutlery, and presented to Dr. Burr, as an insult from Dr. Moffit.—Dr. Burr, contrary to the expectations of Dr. Moffit, not only receiving the hoe, but returned to Dr. Moffit his warmest thanks for the present.—Remington then called upon Dr. Moffit for his pay for making the hoe.—The Doctor refused to pay, on the ground that it was all a joke; but Remington set up his labor on the hoe as a consideration on his part, and hurled the joke part of the transaction back upon Dr. Moffit. An action soon followed by Remington against Dr. Moffit, before a justice of the peace. The trial was warmly contested many witnesses testified, all stating the making of the hoe by the plaintiff, but each giving it as his opinion that it was all a joke. Next morning the opinion of the justice was to be given. The office was crowded at an early hour. The time for the decision to be delivered arrived, when the constable ordered "Silence in the Court House." Squire Hazelrigg—"This is a very important case, upon which I have thought much, and after mature deliberation, my opinion is, that it was all a joke. I have looked through the statute, Espinasse's Nisi Prius and Peck's evidence, but can not find that an action will lie on a 'joke;' judgement for the defendent, of course." I was congratulated by my client for my able defense—but the end was not yet. The obstinate counsel for the blacksmith refused to submit to the opinion of the Court, and took an appeal to the Circuit Court. Costs accumulated, continuances were had for the absence of witnesses; a number of lawyers were employed on both sides. The case was argued at great length by able counsel, and was ultimately submitted to the Court. Judge Eggleston decided, that so far as the blacksmith was concerned it was no joke, and gave judgment for the plaintiff for $7 damages and over $3000 costs. Dr. Moffit very good naturedly remarked, upon seeing the amount of the cost bill, "Judge Eggliston was right; this is no joke."

From the Wisconson Chief.

A Temperance Meeting.

A temperance meeting was held at the Tabernacle, in this city, on Tuesday evening; the following resolutions were passed:

Resolved, That while we regard the entire prohibition of the traffic in intoxicating liquors as a beverage, as the only consistent legislation upon the subject, and the only security of the community against the evils of intemperance, and look upon the legalization of the traffic as false in principle, and as an abuse of legislative authority; we will, nevertheless, give our influence to, and heartily sustain, so much of the present Excise Law as restricts the sale of the poison, and endeavor to procure the enforcement of its penalties against all who violate its prohibitory clauses.

Resolved. That in the absence of a strictly prohibitory law, which we regard as the only effectual means of saving young men from the temptation to fashionable drinking, we feel it important to throw around ourselves such safeguards as are still left to us; and, as the total abstinence pledge has been instrumental hitherto, in restraining many from tasting the intoxicating bowl, though surrounded by powerful temptations, we will proceed to organize a society, which will renew, and vigorously prosecute the temperance reform, by procuring signers to the total abstinence pledge, until we are able to secure the ultimate object of our wishes—the shield of a strictly prohibitory law.

Resolved, That a committee of four be appointed, to draft some plan of organization and effort, to be reported to, and acted upon at another meeting.

—In looking over one of the drawers to day, I found the manuscript of "Truth Masquerading"—the drama which you wrote for the boys at Sterling Center, to close up their school exhibition with, nine years since.—How shocked the good people were at your wickedness. You only gave them a few touches of the inside beauties of the five taverns in town, but it was too much for their nerves.—Some of those most injured, only regained their wonted composure, by going a-fishing the next Sabbath.

—Shall I refresh your memory by quoting a portion of Satan's speech to the rumsellers? Here it is:

"But curse of all curses—parent scourge of all scourges—unmitigated, unadulterated, unredeeming, of Hell, agencies the most potent and desolating—choice of my heart to destroy the living and damn the dead—*Rum!* Yes, rum, thou art mine. Potent monster of deepest woe. War, pestilence and famine, are trifles, compared. I was at the deluge, when the old world was engulfed in a watery grave. A vineyard was planted in the new, and the tide of death has flowed on from that day to this, ever desolating, insatiate, remorseless, and desolating in every land, and upon all classes. Rumsellers say that God made rum! An Ishmaelite brought it out, but I mixed the cup, and watched the process, and as the Upas fume arose from the fatal compound, and overshadowed the earth with a pall, the nethermost hell shook with rejoicing and revelry. Ha! ha! but it was a glorious invention, and is to be found in every clime, civilized or savage. Millions have withered and died, and millions more will. I joy to see the bloated, ragged throng, wending their way to premature and dishonored graves—to my own—dark kingdom. Come on drunkards—go on drunkard makers—your final doom is alike. Rumsellers shun me as if our motives were not the same. How conscientious! But mine they are, all laboring to mar the moral beauty of man. They talk about liberty, equal rights, noble hearts, moral character, and moral suasion! Moral suasion! Ha! ha! that's a good one.—The rumsellers talking about moral suasion! They talk about temperance men. That's better yet. Moral suasion to my agents, when the wail of damned millions is unheeded, as well as the sight of earthly woe and despair. Yes, that's cool. Temperance men! If I was not a devil I should wish the world rid of such temperance men, and their influence. Go ahead, noble friends of mine, I'll certify to your moral characters; fill the earth with woe, the grave with dead, and hell with the last. Yes, rum is mine, I love to see its victims die. I love to see the young man toss off his dram—when fit, I love to see him fall. I love to see the reformed again brought back by my good old friends. I love to see the heart made desolate, the mind dimmed, and the body palsied. I love to see wives, yoked to a living curse, their hopes all blighted, and their hearts broken. I love to see mothers, pale, and grief-stricken, their aching hearts torn with anguish. I love to see the bitter tears fall from their furrowed cheek—and hear the sigh of sorrow and woe. I love to see every link shivered, every tie sundered, and every heart riven. I love to see the ragged children swarm the street—the fair-haired, sunny-browed, orphan turned out into the world, shelterless, and uncared for. I love to peep into the alms-house, upon its wretched inmates—into the prison, upon its felon band, and listen to the moan of orphanage and widowhood; the sharp, fierce cry for bread; the oath, and the loathsome song, the words of strife, the howl of the maniac, and the shriek of crime. Ha! ha! rum is mine, as are its victims and those who sell it. Yes, get licences and sell rum, or sell it without. Swell the curse on earth, for there is none sold in hell. Devils don't sell rum, but I joy to see *men* prey upon each other. Rumsellers must die, too—ha, ha—and their moral characters go with them. Then huzza for liberty, equal rights and moral suasion. Huzza for rumsellers, for their work is death, their history is blood, blood, and their doom is woe, woe. No drunkard can enter eternal life. Then drunkard-makers can't, of course. Ha! ha! sell rum on earth while you can, your reward is ready. My noble friends will not be so nice about my company then. Ha! ha!

From the Daily Journal.

Early Indiana Trials.

REMINISCENCES BY HON. O. H. SMITH.

NO. 4.

Among the first of the great trag'c trials in this State, was that of Dr. John Bradburn, of Fayette county, on an indictment for murder. I was at the time County Prosecutor for the State. The facts of the case were briefly these: Dr. Bradburn was an eminent surgeon, a man of great muscular power, and of the most indomitable courage. I have scarcely ever seen a more athletic man, and I never knew a man of greater bravery. He lived some four or five miles from Connersville. In general the Doctor was highly respected, but it seems that he had given some real or imaginary cause of offence to several young men of equal respectability in the neighborhood, who took it into their heads that they would take the Doctor from his house in the night, ride him on a rail to the water, and then duck him. The Doctor by some means got wind of what was going on, and prepared himself with weapons of defence, among which was a long dissecting knife with two edges. The young men, unaware of his preparation, fixed upon a dark night to carry their plan into execution. Capt. L. Broaddus was selected as their leader. About twelve o'clock, at night, the party silently approached the house of the Doctor and tried to open the door, but found it fast. The Doctor was in bed in an adjoining room, wide awake, with his large knife under his pillow, cool and prepared. The outside party placed an iron crow-bar, which they had brought with them, under the door, threw it off its hinges and entered his room, carrying with them the ropes prepared to tie the Doctor before they took him from the house. In the meantime the Doctor remained silently sitting upon his bed, with his knife in his hands. The room was dark. The party advanced, feeling their way, until the foremost, young Alexander, about eighteen years of age, reached the bed, when he received a fatal stab with the knife, turned, rushed to the door, stepped out, and fell dead in the yard. Not a word was spoken. The next, young Caldwell, about twenty years of age, advanced, evidently not knowing the fate of young Alexander, until he came within the grasp of the Doctor, when the fatal knife was thrust through his side, penetrating his heart. He uttered a loud groan, turned, fled to the door, passed a short distance into the yard, fell and died near the body of young Alexander. The groan of Caldwell alarmed the others, who immediately retreated towards the door, pursued by the Doctor. One other of the party received a severe but not mortal wound. Capt. Broaddus told me that at at one time the Doctor was between him and the door, and as he passed to go out, the Doctor struck at him with his knife, and just grazed his head. It was very evident that but for the groan of Caldwell, not one of the assailants would have left the house alive. Such was the awful tragedy at the house. The young men killed were of the very first families of the county, indeed of the State. The excitement was intense; the Doctor gave himself up, and was put in jail. While the inquest was sitting over the dead bodies, he was calm and composed, and stated all about the transaction, and I have no doubt truthfully, for he was a man of truth, though his life was at stake. He had been my client, and on this, the most trying occasion of his life, he insisted I should defend him. I told him I was the attorney of the State. "You get but $120 a year, and I will give you $500 for this case alone." I, however, at once told him that no fee could induce me to forsake the State at such a juncture, and declined further conversation with him, and he sent to Brookville for John T. McKinney to defend him. The court met; the grand-jury found a bill for murder; the trial came on; the facts substantially as stated were proved, with the admission of the doctor. The court-house was crowded with an excited population. General McKinney made a strong speech in the defence, but it evidently fell upon unwilling ears.—My closing speech was again and again applauded by the crowd, and the applause as often reprimanded by the Court and the Sheriff. It was evident that the jury and the audience were with me, and had the case gone to the jury without any charge from the court, Dr. Bradburn would have been illegally convicted, I have no doubt. But Judge Eggleston, as we say, had the "closing" or last speech, and nobly did he sustain his high character as a Judge on that occasion. He took up the case calmly but firmly; examined its principles, and laid down the law of self-defence, or justifiable homicide, that governed the prosecution, step by step, until, I am satisfied, there was neither lawyer, juror, nor by-stander, that did not acquit the prisoner before the jury left the box. The jury retired but a few minutes, and returned with a verdict of not guilty, on the ground of self-defence. So ended this long to be remembered case in old Fayette.

In the year 1824 I was appointed by Governor Hendricks Circuit Prosecutor for the third Judicial Circuit, and for the succeeding two years I rode with Judge Eggleston into every county, and attended the Courts twice a year. Our Southern Court at that time was held at Vevay, and our Northern at Fort Wayne. The Judge was rather delicate, but I had an iron constitution. There were no bridges over the streams, but we rode good swimming horses, and never faltered on account of high waters, but plunged in and always found the opposite shore somehow. During the two years that I served as prosecutor, there was not a single court held or a grand jury empanneled in my absence on our circuit. On one circuit I heard nine men sentenced to the penitentiary and four to be hung that I prosecuted.—In the continuation of these reminiscences, I propose to sketch some of these cases. Before doing which, however, let me present the great and exciting trial of Alexander Young for killing John Points, in the Rush Circuit Court. The case was prosecuted by James Whitcomb and myself, for the State, and defended by Charles H. Test, James Rariden and Amos Lane for the prisoner. The facts of the case were these: Young was a Justice of the Peace of Rush county, who had a beautiful and beloved daughter, about seventeen years of age.—Points was a fine looking young farmer, the son of a respectable man in the neighborhood, but sometimes wild and reckless. He had for some time been attached to the squire's daughter, and had asked the consent of the father to their marriage; but was rejected and denied the privilege of longer visiting the house. The young couple then arranged for an elopement, to get married at neighboring village; the father got wind of their intentions, and determined at all hazards to prevent it. He loaded his rifle and hung it up at a convenient place, to be taken down at a moments notice on the approach of young Points. The squire was absent one morning from his house, when Points rode upon horseback; the daughter was ready, stepped to the block and sprang up behind him, and off they bounded off on a circuitous path round the fields to the public road leading to the village where they were to be married, and their earthly joys to commence for life. They left the house full of life, with bright hopes of the future, and the ultimate conciliation of the parents, as they had both been readers of romance, and imagined that this was to be a noted adventure, like escaping from a castle by young lovers. But, alas for their dream! the squire returned a few moments after they had left, and seizing his rifle, ran across the fields to the road, and took his position near the roadside — behind some trees where the young couple had to pass. They soon approached at a rapid pace, wholly unconscious of impending harm. As they were directly opposite the trees, where the squire was concealed, he raised the rifle, the crack was heard at the house by the mother. The ball grazed the head of the daughter, and young Points fell from his seat a corpse, leaving the intended bride in her seat on the horse. She returned to the house with her father, and was the principal witness against him on the trial.

The case created great excitement throughout the whole country. The coroner's inquest charged Young with the murder of Points. The squire was arrested and confined in the Rush county jail. The grand jury found a bill of indictment for murder in the first degree. The clergy visited him in his cell repeatedly. He expressed the most poignant regret, and the deepest sorrow, so as to make a profound and lasting impression upon all who visited him—among the rest, upon my venerable friend, the Reverend James Havens, who took a deep interest in the trial. The Court House was crowded, and surrounded at every window, during the trial, with the most anxious countenances I ever saw on any occasion; and while the daughter testified, the crowd seemed almost to cease breathing, such was the silence that surrounded us. The daughter related the facts and circumstances of the case briefly and calmly, but evidently with great feeling, and, so far as we could judge, without any disposition to withhold anything material because her father was on trial. However, the tragedy proved too much for her strength. She gradually sank into a state of partial alienation of mind, from which she was never relieved by all the treatment of the most eminent physicians, and she is now alive—a confined maniac.

The case was argued with all the ability the eminent counsel on both sides could bring to bear upon it. Mr. Whitcomb for the State, and Charles H. Test for the prisoner, especially distinguished themselves. The appeals to the sympathy of the jury were not in vain. A verdict of manslaughter, two years in the State Prison, and a pardon from the Governor, were the final result, but I learned that Alexander Young never smiled afterwards.

MONDAY, 15th.—Beautiful weather yesterday, and no rain yet, to-day, though the clouds look ominous.—But the washing is done, and the clothes dry. I hurried them out early, so as to be sure and catch the sunshine if we were favored with any.—Thankful that I know how to do housework. Love to make things move. Come over next washing day and blow fairy bubbles in the suds.

As ever, EMMA.

THE WEST.

Indiana and Michigan are the most convenient to market of all the new States, but we consider their soil on the average unequal to that further West, so that what it has gained in the price of a crop is lost in its quantity. Illinois is the most fertile body of land of equal size we have ever traversed, and would produce, in our judgement, more grain per acre than any other equal area of the globe's surface; but we should prefer more good building and fencing timber, more springs, more brooks, more stone, and a dryer soil. Iowa is more rolling, therefore better timbered and watered; but her grain and meat must ultimately be sold cheaper than those of Illinois. Wisconsin is at once fertile and well timbered, but lies a little nearer the North Pole than we should prefer, Minnesota has still better soil, has good timber and a healthier climate; but we couldn't pretend to admire 40 deg. below zero with a stiff north-wester below blowing, even if it didn't kill apple-trees and render peaches impossible. Even Kansas, with her mere southerly latitude, her central location, her excellent building-stone, frequent springs and ample streams, has sharper winds than we can fancy, and lies further from pine forests and from the great Atlantic marts than we deem preferable. Is there any good reason why we should realize these various drawbacks and not state them? Can the West desire that some thousands more of our Eastern farmers and mechanics should be lured across the Maumee and Illinois only to become disappointed and grumbling back again to diffuse their discontent among their old neighbors? Is it not permanently advantageous to all that both sides of the shield should be presented, so that those who return to complain of the lack of nutmeg in their Western toddy shall have none to blame but themselves?—*N. Y. Tribune.*

☞ Afflictions are the same to the soul as the polw to the fallow ground, the pruning-knife to the vine, and the furnace to the gold.

☞ There are many things that are thorns to our hopes until we have attained them, and envenomed arrows to our hearts when we have.

☞ Some men grow virtuous only as they grow old, offering up the lees of life to their Creator.

☞ Man creeps into childhood, bounds into manhood, and furiously leeps into old age.

☞ Beware of judging hastily; it is better to suspend an opinion than to retract an assertion.

☞ Which will you do—smile, and make your household happy? or frown, and make them wretched?

☞ To live a peaceful and happy life, be honest and true to yourself, and true to your God.

☞ Sir Benjamin Brodie, the leading surgeon of England, enjoys the comfortable professional income of $85,000 a year.